

# Louisville Evening Express.

OLD SERIES--VOL. XXV.

LOUISVILLE, FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL 23, 1869.

NEW SERIES--VOL. I, NO. 5.

## THE CITY.

**Clay-street Station.**  
Everything passed off as quiet as a graveyard just after a fashionable funeral in the Clay-street locality last night, not even a single name appearing on the slate this morning.

**An Estrayed Charger.**  
Officer Kallalor caught a black horse roaming through the streets, with a halter about his neck, last night. The animal has a white spot in his forehead. The owner can get him by applying to the de-anchored officer.

## Orders for the Express.

Persons wishing the EVENING EXPRESS will apply to the carriers or send their orders to our counting-room, No. 112 Jefferson street. Our paper is supplied to subscribers (Monday morning edition included) for the low price of 15 CENTS PER WEEK, or 75 CENTS PER MONTH.

## The Charter Convention.

The convention which framed the new charter, held their final session tonight at the Council Chamber, when the document, in its printed form, will be presented, and secure, if necessary, the finishing touches preparatory to its submission to the people.

## Let it be Fixed.

The pump at the corner of Green and Tenth streets has for some time refused to perform the "functions of its office," to the detriment and inconvenience of the people thereabouts. The attention of the pump-contractor is hereby called to the above defect, and is most respectfully requested to give it his earliest notice.

## Verdant.

A "young man from the country," whose home is in the heart of Posey county, Indiana, stood gazing intently for a long time into a Fourth-street fruit shop window, yesterday, wherein hung a large bunch of green cocoanuts. As soon as the proprietor stepped toward the door, Posey blurted out: "I say, mister, where did you git them there squashes?" Noticing a bunch of bananas, he remarked it was "mighty early for paw-paws." It was his first trip out of Hoosierdom.

## New School Building.

The Board of School Trustees hold a regular session on Monday evening next, for the purpose of selecting a site for a new school building in the Sixth ward. This ward is in the most central portion of the city, and we hope, for the benefit of those most interested, the Board will select a location easy of access to at least a majority of the patrons of the school. We suggest as a favorable location, upon or near Walnut street, as a very desirable one.

## Fight.

The newsboys and bootblacks of New York could scarcely hold their own in pugilism and pluck with our Louisville boys. Two of these necessary evils met in terrific combat on Grayson street, and fought forty-two rounds, not according to the rules of the London p. r. Blood was freely drawn from the little mugs of each, and when the fight ended they were still fresh and full of vim. Two men interferred and pulled them apart, else they might have been still fighting "up to the time of our going to press."

## Wholesale Clothing Stores.

The sales of the principal wholesale clothing houses for the month of March, 1869, as recorded on the Assessor's book, are as follows:

Jones, Farn & Co.	\$7,750
De Wolf, Farn, Harris, Vining & Co.	6,000
A. Gratzelle.	3,000
A. Levi & Co.	22,00
<b>Total.</b>	<b>7,900</b>

The heaviest sales in the clothing business are generally made during the month of March; but the sales for the present month, so far, make an extraordinary showing of transactions in this branch of our wholesale trade.

## One Good Feature.

We have at last discovered one good feature connected with velocipedes. If there is one thing better calculated to cultivate and draw out all the perseverance and "try, try again" in a lazy man's nature, it is the velocipede. We saw a man astride of one of these machines yesterday on Market street, who was never in his life noted for industry or a lover of hard work, yet he was walking astride the institution of doing as much hard labor as it would require to do a good day's work at mauling rails, virtually carrying the velocipede and him. This is the only good reason we have noticed developed by the people.

## Funny but Serious.

Late last evening, one of our clever young bloods mounted himself on a beautiful and spirited charger, and went galloping down Fourth street, gay as a very large sunflower, and as happy as an ostrich in deep water. He was, no doubt, doing all this for the benefit and admiration of some "lady fair," who was at that time promenading the above-named fashionable thoroughfare. But, like Sut Landon's dad when he "played hoss," he overdid the thing, and when he reached Main street, he ran square into a street car. The collision threw the unfortunate rider with terrible force upon the roughly-paved street, which rendered him for some time totally unconscious, and bruised his head in a frightful manner. He was taken into a store near by, and by careful treatment and a cold-water bath, soon recovered sufficiently to be removed to his home.

Moral—Never try to butt a street car off of the track with a horse's head. It can't be done that way.

## THE BURGLARS.

### How They Escape Justice and the Police.

Whatever else may be said of the burglars who have so incessantly and successfully destroyed the peace and quiet of our city for the past six months, all agree that they are no greenhorns in their wicked avocation. They have succeeded in getting away safely with an enormous amount of money and valuables, and so far, in most instances, without detection. They have resorted to innumerable tricks and devices for evading the police, some of which, the most successful, were also very simple in their character. We give a few as specimens.

One of the latest was done in this wise: Two daring fellows succeeded, by the use of the "jimmy," in gaining entrance to a house in the lower part of the city, and they were about to help themselves to whatever they saw desirable, when the inmates were awakened by the heavy tread of one of the thieves. In an instant the entire household was in the greatest excitement and alarm, and using the entire strength of their lungs in cries of "Murther!" "Watch!" &c. The thieves immediately made for the street, taking up the cry of "Watch!" with the rest. Near by they met two officers, who had heard the cries and were proceeding to the place of alarm. The burglars, apparently greatly agitated, told the officers that they were wanted in a hurry at a certain house near by. The vigilant policemen, wishing to lose no time, hurried to the house designated, when they learned that the individuals whom they had just left were the burglars, and nobody else. The rascals had by this time placed many squares between them and the locality of their late adventure, and, of course, escaped.

Several nights since a party of "crackmen" made a raid upon a house in the central portion of the city. They made a slight noise, which roused the people within, who at once called loudly for the police. When two watchmen arrived the larks had flown, and although the officers made diligent search, the daring rascals could not be found anywhere in the vicinity. They were seen, however, at an early hour next morning by a lark from her window, lying close to the fence of the house adjoining the one they had tried to enter. Evidently the police were so close to them that they had resorted to this ruse to escape. They staid there until broad daylight, and then walked quietly away. It was the opinion of the lady who observed these persons that one of them was a woman disguised as a man. And it is the opinion also of several of the police that one of the party is a woman.

## A BARBER IN TROUBLE.

### His Amiable Nature gets him into Difficulty.

In a certain locality of Louisville, lives and labors a barber, who, unlike most of his tonsorial brethren, is white or uncolored. This barber is a young man, has enjoyed a good patronage, and spent the principal of his income in fine clothes and other adornments for his exquisite person. There is nothing particularly wrong in this, it being one of the great constitutional privileges vouchsafed to American citizens, white or black.

This fancy barber has long been afflicted with a devolving desire to flirt with all the ladies of his acquaintance, and it is of his last exploit in that line that we shall speak.

Some time since, our knight of the razor in some way gained an introduction to a young miss—probably "sweet sixteen"—certainly no older. We will not accuse them of being guilty of "love at first sight," but their admiration of each other at first meeting was anything but an unfavorable impression with both the parties. We will make a long story short by simply informing the reader that the aforesaid admirer, assisted by numerous subsequent meetings, soon "ripened" into love, or what our youthful pair took for that sensation.

The course of their mutual adoration went smooth enough for awhile, but was doomed to be blasted, as we shall soon show. They "basked" very successfully in each other's affection until a few days since, when the "goings on" of the beautiful but undutiful miss reached the ears of her able-bodied male parent. To simply say that the wrathful old gentleman was mad, is drawing it very mild—indeed, he was red hot, and spoiling to whip a barber. In this amiable mood he proceeded to the establishment of the unfortunate young bar, not forgetting to arm himself with a good soft club with which to gently caress the young "wagabone" who had destroyed the discipline of his household and likewise his own peace of mind.

Arriving at the barber shop, he found the "lather and shave" youth reclining at full length in one of the easy chairs. He rushed upon him, seized him by the collar, and in tones of thunder demanded that he should then, there and forever thereafter renounce all claim to the heart or hand of his child, and that he should promise never to speak to her again. The youth took one glance at the club in the old man's hand, and promised everything that was desired—and this course on the part of the former, we expect, cheated us out of a first-class sensation item.

## Salt Inspectors.

The most important office in the city of Louisville, where there are several important offices, is that of Salt Inspector, of which there are two elected by the General Council. There is no responsibility attached to the position, and as the inspector always goes through in a single evening with the work of the whole year, he is entitled to neither salary nor perquisites. We do not know whether the lark in the municipal tempest is to be attributed to the negligence of the metropolitans or the good behavior of the people. We only know that there has not been a single arrest in the city, since day before yesterday, which is a very aggravating state of affairs for quid nimis to contemplate.

**At Last.**  
At last one great and noble member of the dramatic profession has acknowledged the value of the services of the poor printer. Mrs. Scott-Sidlows closed one of the most eminently successful engagements, a few nights ago, ever played by any actress in New Orleans. At the close of the performance, on the closing night of her engagement, she was called before the curtain, when she recited a lengthy and beautiful poem, entitled "Farewell to New Orleans," and in which occurred this just acknowledgment and illustration of the character of the local reporter:

But wait—my pleasant task is not quite o'er, I should, indeed, have thought of this before:

Whose I bend to all the local press,

Whose acts of kindness have been numberless:

Unto my virtues they have been—how kind!

With many a smile I feign a little pride,

This kindness though shall move me more

than force.

You know the saying, "Spare the rod,

Encouragement like this new hope shall raise,

How I will work to more deserve your praise.

**New Music House.**

The well-known musical author and writer, Will. S. Hays, will in a few days open one of the most extensive and complete establishments for the sale of all kinds of musical instruments, sheet music and things musical, to be found in the West. His house will be found on Fourth street, between Market and Jefferson. Hays is a self-made man, so far as his celebrity as an author is concerned, and we doubt if there be a more popular songwriter in the entire country—one whose productions are more popular or more eagerly sought by all lovers of sweet home melodies. We heartily wish Will, success, and bespeak for him the patronage and prosperity he deserves.

**PERSONAL.**

Col. D. C. Thomas, of Salem, Indiana, is in the city on a business and pleasure visit combined, and is the guest of his kinsman and our worthy fellow-citizen, Peter Pfeiffer. He will return home in a few days.

We publish this evening a call upon Judge J. Hop Price to become a candidate for the Legislature in the Tenth Ward. There seems to be a general desire among the voters of that ward for Judge Price, and he must comply with their wishes, or "back square out." A man of his fine practical sense and untiring energy and industry could not fail to make a useful legislator.

**At Jail.**

Detectives Gallagher and Tiller arrested and placed in jail, just as we go to press, a man named Charles Smith, charged with being a suspected felon.

**In a Dying Condition.**

We learn that Ollie Wright, the woman who was cut in a fight last Sunday night, on Lafayette street, is not likely to recover. She is at the City Hospital.

## ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.

### Whisky, Opium and Domestic Infidelity.

Oscar Allen, a journeyman cooper, who for a long time has been in the employ of Mr. Schardien, who has a shop situated on Sixth street, between Main and the levee, attempted to commit suicide early this morning, by swallowing about one-half of a pint of a strong decoction of opium and whisky. The exact time at which the dose was taken is not known, but circumstances warrant us in fixing it at about six o'clock this morning. He was found at the cooper-shop, at about half-past six o'clock, under the influence of the narcotic, but yet conscious. When discovered, he had in his hand a keen-edged and sharp-pointed butcher knife, which he threatened to use upon any one that dared to try to relieve or approach him. He told them that he had done, and begged them to let the fatal drug do its work completely, saying that he could endure the misery of his life no longer. He is a married man, and sought to extricate himself from the meshes of matrimony by this process. The nature of his family troubles are known, but as Allen is likely to recover, we do not care to burden his future by publishing them to the world. We therefore suppress them, hoping that he may be reconciled to his family and avoid the sin of self-destruction. A number of persons gathered around the cooper shop this morning, where the unfortunate man lay in a dying condition. At about half-past seven, officers Hines and Krake came to the scene, took the patient to jail and summoned the attendance of Drs. Pope and Palmer, who took the case immediately in hand, administered restoratives, and soon had the effects of the poison neutralized. At a few minutes past eight o'clock, Allen was removed to a lottery office, kept by his brother-in-law, in Green street, between Fifth and Sixth, where he still remains under medical treatment.

**No Arrests.**

There were no arrests made in the city yesterday, and up to the present time there has been none to-day. In consequence of this state of city morals, the Police Court had a very brief session this morning, which was solely devoted to the examination of cases previously called and continued, and some peace warrants. We do not know whether the lark in the municipal tempest is to be attributed to the negligence of the metropolitans or the good behavior of the people. We only know that there has not been a single arrest in the city, since day before yesterday, which is a very aggravating state of affairs for quid nimis to contemplate.

**POLICE COURT.**

HO. E. S. CRAIG, JUDGE.

**FRIDAY MORNING, April 23.**

Brethren, there is a man with soul so dead, Who thinks not of his brother, but of self— And who himself hath not a soul— I'll drink no more!

Great events often come when least expected. There was not a drunk in Court this morning. This is certainly a epoch in the great millennium.

The only case before His Honor this morning was an ordinance warrant against Wm. James, for keeping a vicious dog.

On Friday evening, David Clark, a young man, was attacked and bit one John Berry. We do not know whether Berry or the pup acted on the defensive, as the case was continued till to-morrow.

Josephine Smith, for entiting Ollie Wright, had not been arrested, and the case was passed. It is supposed that she has gone to Washington to get an appointment.

**Court of Common Pleas.**

HO. H. J. STITES, JUDGE.

**FRIDAY, April 23, 1869.**

The case of David M. Clarke vs. S. P. Weisiger & Co., was called this morning. The taking of the evidence for the plaintiff occupied most of the forenoon, and at 12 o'clock the Judge ordered a recess of a few minutes for dinner. David Clarke is a man of color, who has been known for a long time in the city, as proprietor of "Clarke's coffee stand," which stands where the Central Market was built.

Clarke claims \$3,000 damages for an alleged forfeiture of a lease of ground, from

and on the part of Messrs. S. P. Weisiger & Co.

This has proven, so far, a tedious case,

and will probably occupy the entire day's session.

**J. Hop Price, Esq.**

To the Editor of the Evening Express:

Some two or three days since we noticed a call on our champion, Judge J. Hop Price, to become a candidate for the Legislature from the Tenth ward. Judge Price has not yet informed us whether he will become our candidate or not. We need men of ability to represent us, and none possess it to a higher degree than Judge Price. He must come out.

**THE DEMOCRACY OF THE TWENTH.**

For the Evening Express.

To Many Friends and Citizens:

I have seen your call upon me to become a candidate for the Legislature in the Tenth Ward. There seems to be a general desire among the voters of that ward for Judge Price, and he must comply with their wishes, or "back square out." A man of his fine practical sense and untiring energy and industry could not fail to make a useful legislator.

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# DAILY EXPRESS.

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## LOUISVILLE.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1869.

## A New Collection Rule.

Our government in the creating of the largest debt ever made in the same length of time, and in the handling of that great debt after making it, has established some very queer rules of finance.

But the strangest of all its strange rules is that one which governs in the collection of the internal revenue. Strange as it may appear to men of plain money sense, it seems nevertheless true that the less revenue our government gets, the more it costs to collect it. This seems to set at defiance all the acknowledged rules of commerce, trade and finance, yet it is strictly true as a rule of the internal financial system of our government.

A few facts from official Government reports upon the finances will make good the seeming strange assertion we have made.

In 1866 our internal revenue amounted to \$300,500,000 and it cost the Government \$7,689,000 to collect it. In 1867 our revenue was \$263,333,000 and it cost \$8,982,686 to collect it. In 1868 our revenue amounted to \$188,750,000 and it cost \$9,327,301 to collect it. What the amount will be this year and what it will cost to collect it we can't say; but if the same rule prevails the sum the government gets will be probably less, while the cost of collecting will be more.

Now, is not this a strange state of things? What sort of financing can this be called? The less we are to get the more we have to pay for getting it! If the thing goes on that way much longer the collecting officers will not get enough to pay for their services, and we shall have to assess a special tax to provide for this tremendous array of officials who are now living off the country.

It is vain to talk of this tax and that tax being lopped off by Congress while the districts remain the same, and consequently require the same army of collectors. That will go somewhat to explain the strange state of things that the gathering in of our revenue presents, but it is not enough. If that were the true explanation it would be an all-sweeping argument against retaining so many collectors. But that is not the reason. There is rottenness somewhere in the collecting body. It should be looked into and found out. The people are terribly gaoed with the load of taxes resting upon them, and they have a right to know why it is that costs more to collect \$300,000,000. The thing looks terribly bad, and needs explanation. And if it is not explained before the next Presidential election the people will have an understanding of it then.

## Another Slice of Mexico.

We have from time to time chipped and hewed off pretty considerable parts of the territory of Mexico, but we are not satisfied that another slice might not be desirable. And if it be desirable a pretty good opportunity seems now to be presenting itself for our huge carving knife.

It is known that the execution of Maximilian did not do away with the evils of Mexico. On the contrary, matters have been anything but quiet in Mexico ever since the death of the ill-fated Emperor. Juarez is in trouble, politically and financially, and he is likely so to continue for some time to come. These people are a hard set and there doesn't seem to be much hope for them.

A turbulent spirit named Regis is now heading a revolution in Sonora—a state of Mexico that borders upon our territory and separates Arizona from the Gulf of California. We should like to have Sonora. It would give us a desirable outlet to the sea. And we should also like to have Sinaloa, which lies hard by Sonora. The two would be desirable acquisitions to our territory. These Mexican states, beside the commercial advantages they would give us as an outlet to the sea, are rich in minerals and grazing lands, and we should like to have them. They would be as valuable a slice as we have yet taken out of Mexico.

And cannot we now get them? The revolution now going on there is but a thing of every day occurrence in that region, but it may be that Juarez is getting tired of these outbreaks. Sovereigns get tired of any unlawfulness too often repeated. Moreover, Juarez is hard up for money. A few of our greenbacks would probably be acceptable to them in the absence of gold. Anyhow, it might not do any harm to sound him. A sensible diplomat sent to him with a few dollars might prepare the way for some of our filibustering boys to slice off those two States.

Thus we might at this juncture acquire, for very little money and less blood, an empire of infinite value to our country. It would not cost us half what it will to get Cuba. It is more than likely that we shall have to take this country one of these days, and the sooner we begin the work the better. We shall have to civilize the people after we get them and get the country going right, but that we can soon do. Send out your diplomatist, General Grant, and let him try the negotiation we suggest. If you fail, it will not be your first failure in diplomacy, and we think the prize is at least worth the effort.

## Cox.

The telegraph caused us to make a little mistake the other day. It was Ferdinand Cox who was nominated and confirmed as Consul to Leghorn, and whose appointment was rescinded by the President when he found that Cox had stolen a box of cigars in Philadelphia, and was under arrest. We said it was Howard; but it was not; it was Cox. It is said that he was recommended for Consul to Leghorn, by Charles O'Neill, member of Congress from the Second district of Pennsylvania. He not only received the nomination but was confirmed. Cox is a director of the aristocratic Union League Club of Philadelphia, and belongs to the upper ten of society. He wanted to go abroad and was desirous of holding some official position under the government with a view to giving himself status in foreign society.

A Philadelphia paper gives this account of the cigar business:

"For a long time past a gentleman well known in this city—a man of means, of culture, of refinement—has been in the habit of pilfering various small articles from one of the largest and best-patronized of our wholesale and retail grocery stores. The firm, though fully aware of the thefts, bore with them, hardly knowing what course, under the circumstances, to pursue. At length, however, patience at an end, they brought the matter to a culmination on Saturday last, by having the gentlemanly thief arrested on the street.

He was conducted back to the store, and there compelled to disgorge the articles he had but a few minutes previously stolen. These consisted of a box of cigars and divers other trivial things, such as he had been accustomed to take. He then offered to pay a sum of money equivalent to the value of the articles he had stolen for two years past, on condition of being let up softly. The firm accepted his proposition, when he paid five hundred dollars. The matter is now amicably settled, and all parties satisfied."

## Multum in Parvo.

The little city of Galena, Illinois, is certainly the most marvelous village of this or any other age. It has given to the mighty United States of America a President and a Secretary of War; to France a Minister and Assistant Secretary of Legation; to Bahama a Consul, and we know not how many officers to the various States, counties, cities, towns and precincts which make up this great nation. Let those cities which have been proud to claim the birth of a single man, be forever silent hereafter. They are nowhere compared with Galena. The mountain has not brought forth a mouse, but the mouse has brought forth a mountain. Let us hush peace.

An exchange paper says "The United States is ruled by its educated men." If this be true, the sooner the Government is placed in the hands of the more ignorant members of the "Damphool family," the better. Charles Lyman, of Vermont, has been appointed Superintendent of the Dead Letter Office of the Postoffice Department, at a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars per annum. He has had an important desk in the same office since 1861.

Inasmuch as the only recommendation of the House of Representatives are about to start for the South to investigate the charges against Judge Busteed. The sub-committee is composed of two Radicals and two Democrats. A most singular feature is in the fact that Mr. Eldridge, of Illinois (Democrat), is the chairman.

GENERAL GRANT has received as a present from John Minor Botts a ring, whose sign is made from the filings from the bulb of Independence Hall. Name your place, Botts. A foreign appointment, or what?

The convention then adjourned.

## SENATORIAL.

Proceedings of the Twentieth Senatorial District Convention.

From the Frankfort Yeoman, 22d.

The convention to nominate a candidate in the Senatorial district, composed of the counties of Anderson, Mercer and Franklin, met at the courthouse in Lawrenceburg, on Wednesday, the 21st inst., at 1 o'clock.

The convention was called to order by Col. Thos. H. Hanks, chairman of the Democratic Committee of Anderson.

Governor Magoffin moved that Col. Hanks be declared the permanent chairman, which was unanimously adopted; and Col. Hanks returned his thanks in a short speech, in which he desired that his name should not be presented to the convention for nomination.

Mr. John M. Askew, of Morec, nominated Thomas J. Harris, of Franklin, for secretary, which was agreed to.

Col. Nat. Gaither, of Mercer, moved that a committee, composed of two from each county, be appointed on resolutions, which was adopted; whereupon the chairman appointed the following:

Anderson county—J. F. Poscy and R. H. Crossland.

Mercer county—Gov. Magoffin, Thomas C. Bell.

Franklin county—I. Wingate, Jr., Dr. B. F. Duvall.

Mr. Askew, of Morec, moved that the convention proceed to make a nomination, which was adopted. Col. Nat. Gaither, of Mercer, nominated Col. James Q. Cheetham, of Morec.

There being no other nomination, Judge Willis of Anderson, moved that Col. Cheetham be declared the unanimous choice of this convention, which was adopted by acclamation.

Colonel Gaither moved that a committee of one from each county be appointed to wait upon Colonel Cheetham and inform him of his nomination, which was adopted; whereupon the chairman appointed Colonel Gaither, of Morec, B. O. Nelson, of Anderson and John P. Nelson, of Franklin.

The committee on resolutions being ready made the following report, through its chairman, Governor Magoffin:

Resolved, That we reaffirm the democratic principles and policy of the Democratic party, as understood by the fathers and expounders of the Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That, as antagonistic to these principles, we solemnly and earnestly protest against the aspirations of the Radical party, as embraced in their principles and policy from its first organization to the present time.

Resolved, That we pledge ourselves to stand by the nominee of this convention and give him our hearty and undivided support.

Resolved, That we cordially endorse the action of the Democratic members of the late Legislature in requesting James W. T. Estes, Esq., to become a candidate for re-election to the office of Treasurer of the State of Kentucky; and, he having announced himself a candidate, we pledge him our undivided support, and command him to the confidence of the Democracy of the State.

Col. Cheetham, having been informed of his nomination, was introduced to the convention by the chairman, when he returned his thanks in a very elegant and able speech.

Judge Wills of Anderson, moved that the Frankfort Yeoman, Harrodsburg Signal and the Courier-Journal be requested to publish the proceedings of the convention.

The convention then adjourned.

Tros. H. Hanks, Chairman.

Thos. J. Harris, Secretary.

## DEATH IN THE CARS.

A Lady Expires on the New York Central Railroad.

From the Utica Observer, 17th.

Last night Mrs. Ella Sands, magician and exposer of Spiritualism, a woman who is well known throughout the Western States, was carried from the 10 o'clock train to Bagg's Hotel a corpse. She started from Albion yesterday in charge of Mr. Charles Forbes, who was to have been placed in the Lunatic Asylum at that city. Her case is a singular one, and as the death has occasioned some suspicion of foul play, we present the facts in relation to the matter which we obtain from a reliable source.

Mrs. Sands formerly lived in Battle Creek, Mich., when she was 23 years old she married Charles Sands. Since their marriage (three years ago) Mr. and Mrs. Sands have been engaged in giving entertainments exposing the tricks of spiritualism. Of late the health of Mr. Sands has been very feeble, and the exhibitions have been altogether conducted by his wife. The exertion required of her was very great, and a few weeks ago the effects of her hard work were made apparent in almost complete mental and physical prostration. At Albion yesterday she was very ill, and a few weeks ago she had been the least disturbed presence of mind of those gentlemen. The Senator's list, they say, because of their novelty and ingenuity, and, as they state, furnish excellent lessons in eccentric oratory. The new candidate for fame has of late become exceedingly democratic in his habits. He may be seen during the day surrounded by a puritanic hat after the style of the pilgrim Roger Williams, with studded chain and apparently in profound meditation, sitting all the time seemingly without any definite destination in view. At night he is a constant frequenter of public places of amusement. At the open he may be seen among the "boys" in the galleries, and the next evening moving with measured tread down the aisle of the parquet, attracting observation and remark on all sides. The express and responsibilities of office are certainly weighing heavily upon his diminutive frame, and the question now that the "first series of his speeches" has terminated, is what next?—*Wash. Cor.* N. Y. Herald.

CATE MAY is to be the American terminus of the French Atlantic cable.

Sprague Disporting Himself.

The sudden and unexpected ascent of the new oratorical star from "Little Rhody," although it has created considerable observation from the outer world, does not seem to have manifested itself with equal brilliancy in the body from which it is a scintillation. The "play pole," Sherman, is not the least disconcerted by the shock which has been given the current of his financial theories. The butcher shop and overture gastric smiles applied to Senators Cattell and Warner have not in the least disturbed the presence of mind of those gentlemen. The Senator's list, they say, because of their novelty and ingenuity, and, as they state, furnish excellent lessons in eccentric oratory. The new candidate for fame has of late become exceedingly democratic in his habits. He may be seen during the day surrounded by a puritanic hat after the style of the pilgrim Roger Williams, with studded chain and apparently in profound meditation, sitting all the time seemingly without any definite destination in view. At night he is a constant frequenter of public places of amusement. At the open he may be seen among the "boys" in the galleries, and the next evening moving with measured tread down the aisle of the parquet, attracting observation and remark on all sides. The express and responsibilities of office are certainly weighing heavily upon his diminutive frame, and the question now that the "first series of his speeches" has terminated, is what next?—*Wash. Cor.* N. Y. Herald.

AN Unhappy Wig.

A well-known Washington beau, rejoicing, as every one supposed, in the diminished luster of natural *chevelure*, has been brought to grief by the refusal of the Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey to lay confirming hands on his aristocratic cap.

It seems the Bishop discovered, in some way or other, that the brilliant beau was not altogether a work of nature, and particularly the hair on his head, which was found to be a gorgous wig. According to the rites of the Episcopal Church, a Bishop cannot lay his hands on an artificial headpiece. It must be all natural, "the capillary substance," or he cannot rightly perform the confirmation. The worst part of the story is that the aforesaid beau was engaged to be married to a young and beautiful lady, who, in consequence of the Episcopal veto on wigs, now refuses to become the wedded bride. What a calamity for the beau! At one blow he loses his reputation and his lady love. The whole affair will be fully ventilated by the Rev. Frank Moore, in his forthcoming work on the efficacy of baptism in an oilcloth suit, which he is to take the ground that neither wigs, scratches nor cligion oppose any sufficient obstacle to Episcopal imposition, and cites the case of Jacob versus Esau, as showing conclusively that the candidate has and the Bishop has not a right to put on airs.

SAD Accident.

From the Knoxville Whig, 20th.

Yesterday forenoon, Mr. David L. Hope, one of our oldest and most respected citizens, was accidentally killed by the discharge of a pistol in his own hands. We learn that Mr. Hope, who was a silver smith, went to a drawer to get out some silver bullion, to use in his work, and in the same drawer was an old pistol, out of repair. It is supposed that in putting the pistol back the hammer struck against something, causing it to fire, which it did with fatal effect, the ball entering the lower part of his body, causing his death. His son's wife, with whom he was living, came in immediately and asked him if he was shot, to which he replied that he did not know, and immediately fell. She at once called for assistance, but before Mr. John Jones, who lives close by, reached the house, the unfortunate gentleman was dead.

Mr. Hope was universally esteemed by all who knew him, and his death will be deeply regretted. Such men as the deceased are missed from any community where they have lived, and their absence sensibly felt.

THE FOLLOWING RULES WILL BE OBSERVED:

1—Each horsehead must be marked distinctly with the owner's name and class, for which it is to be used.

2—All tobacco should be sent forward as early a

as possible.

3—No horsehead bright wrapper, class 1, to weigh less than 100 lbs.

4—No horsehead cutting leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

5—No horsehead cigar leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

6—No horsehead bright wrapper, class 1, to weigh less than 100 lbs.

7—No horsehead cutting leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

8—No horsehead cigar leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

9—No horsehead cutting leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

10—No horsehead bright wrapper, class 1, to weigh less than 100 lbs.

11—No horsehead cutting leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

12—No horsehead cigar leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

13—No horsehead cutting leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

14—No horsehead bright wrapper, class 1, to weigh less than 100 lbs.

15—No horsehead cutting leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

16—No horsehead cigar leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

17—No horsehead cutting leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

18—No horsehead bright wrapper, class 1, to weigh less than 100 lbs.

19—No horsehead cutting leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

20—No horsehead cigar leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

21—No horsehead cutting leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

22—No horsehead bright wrapper, class 1, to weigh less than 100 lbs.

23—No horsehead cutting leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

24—No horsehead cigar leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

25—No horsehead cutting leaf to weigh less than 100 lbs.

# DAILY EXPRESS.

LOUISVILLE.

FRIDAY, APRIL 23, 1869.

## The Robins Have Come Back Again.

There's a call upon the house-top, an answer from the plain. There's a warble in the sunshine, a twitter in the rain. I thought my heart at sound of these, These come to me from thine, As sweet as odor to the rose, Or verdure to the hill; And in these early mornings, My heart pours forth this strain: "God bless the old robins, Who have come back again!"

For they bring a thought of summer, of dreamy, luscious days, of kingcups in the meadow, making a golden

A longing for the clover blooms, For roses all aglow, For fragrant blossoms, where the bees And butterflies go; A dream of all the beauties, Of summer's golden reign, And sing "God keep the robins, Who have come back again!"

THE AYER MURDER.

## He is Killed and Robbed by His Colored Associates.

Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle and Sentinel, 1869.

We are indebted to an intelligent and responsible citizen of Louisville, Jefferson county, for the following particulars of the murder of Dr. Benjamin Ayer, a Radical member of the Legislature from Jefferson, from which it is clearly established that he was murdered by his own friends and robbed of his money. We consider it fortunate that the murderers have been detected. Had they escaped, Bullock and his satellites would have heralded it throughout the North as another Ku-Klux outrage on the lives of "loaf" men. Should Radical journals copy the particulars of this murder, we make the request that the statement of our correspondent be published entire, as there is no longer any political scheme to be subserved by misrepresentation and vilification of our people and State:

LOUISVILLE, Ga., April 16, 1869.

*Editor Chronicle & Sentinel:*

Dr. Benjamin Ayer was found dead on the outskirts of Louisville this morning. He arrived in Barbour yesterday, and reached Louisville about 7 o'clock the same day. He went first to George Holt's, colored, just outside of the corporate limits, on the road from the town to Rocky Comfort creek, and asked for board and lodging. Upon being refused, leaving his overcoat at Holt's house, he went into town to the house of W. S. W. Sherman, colored, and there sought board, and was again refused. He stated to Sherman that he was exceedingly tired, and that he had an overcoat which he would spread on the floor and sleep on it, if Sherman would permit him. Sherman, notwithstanding, still refused. Ayer, in the meantime, took out his pocket-book, containing a considerable roll of money, and taking therefrom a dollar, sent it down town by Sherman's son to buy some cheese and crackers. After tarrying awhile at Sherman's house, he went out saying he would try and find a lodging place. A short time after this, he was seen by Sherman's daughter in company with some person (which she did not recognize, but thought it was a colored person) returning from town down. Shortly after this, George Holt and his wife heard Ayer and some person talking in the road in front of Holt's house. Presently Ayer stepped in and got his overcoat and left. As he was leaving, Holt stepped to the door and asked if he had company, to which Ayer replied he had a friend with him. Holt asked who it was. Ayer declined telling who it was. About 9 o'clock Austin —, colored, passed along the road and saw a man laying on the ground. Did not recognize him, but thought it was a man drunk.

Drs. Garvin and Powell after carefully examining the skull, are of opinion that death was caused from a blow, given with a heavy stick or club, causing fracture of the skull. Dismayed was robbed of his gun and pistol.

The above is, in substance, the evidence thus day taken, before the inquest, and upon which the jury returned the following verdict: "We, the jury, after a full investigation, find that the deceased was killed by a blow from a club in the hands of some unknown person, and then robbed.

The fact that a person was seen by Sherman's daughter in company with Ayer, going in the direction of Holt's house, and the further fact of his arrival at Holt's house, in company with some person, and stating to Holt that he had company, and his being killed in the road coming back from this house, not more than two hundred yards from it, and this person, although acting as his friend, yet not now coming forward to make known his name and tell something about the affair, leads to the suspicion that this unknown person committed the act. That it is a colored person is conceded, from the fact that it is well known that Ayer had no white associate in the town or community.

LATER.

SUNDAY MORNING, April 18, 1869.

The foregoing was written on Friday for Saturday's mail, but was kept back in order that more information might be elicited.

Last night important discoveries were made. Wilson, one of the colored witnesses at the inquest, was, upon suspicion, arrested and searched. On his person was found a box of Ayer's pocket-book, containing \$285. Robert, a brother of Wilson, and a girl to whom Wilson was paying his devotions, were also searched, and they had some \$120, which they also gave him. They also had a box of Ayer's.

Mr. M. D. L. S. — was richly attired in white, with trimmings of green leaves and flowers. She looked charming and much admired.

Miss Maria B. —, in a rich dress of white tulle, with pink silk over-dress and hair arranged with flowers, was also beautiful and attracted much attention.

Miss Nannie P. —, a charming little fairy, was dressed in white swiss, trimmed with ruffles; blue silk over-dress.

Mr. W. L. — was handsomely dressed in pearl-colored silk, and exhibited costly diamonds.

Miss Kate H. —, of Aberdeen, Mississippi, white skirt, silk purple overskirt, pearls and elegant silk dress.

Miss Fannie F. —, white alpaca, black lace overskirt, looped with pink roses, black lace bertha; head dress very neat, with flowers.

Mrs. Judge S. —, magnificently moon on the lake silk dress, with magnificent trimmings, and jewelry to correspond.

Miss H. —, of East Tennessee, superbly dressed in white satin, double train, with lace overskirt, and elegant jewelry.

Miss Jessie S. —, in white alpaca, with white satin trimmings and diamonds, was charming, and attracted considerable notice.

Mr. H. — was superbly attired in white alpaca, with long train; costly diamonds, and much complimented for his grace and beauty.

Miss C. —, in white alpaca, with square neck of blue, was also graceful and charming.

Mr. L. — made an elegant appearance in lace silk, with simple gold chain and modest but graceful adornment of jewelry.

Mr. L. —, in deep blue silk, with very slight ornament or jewelry, attracted attention for unpretending simplicity and classic elegance of style.

Other ladies there were as superbly attired, but owing to the lateness of the hour we are obliged to pass them over.

## A SOUND OF REVELRY.

### A Grand Ball Given to Ex-President Johnson.

From the Memphis Avalanche, 21st.

Last night the grand hop at the Overton Hotel, given as a festive token of respect and regard to his Excellency Andrew Johnson, ex-President of the United States, was attended by a large company of ladies and gentlemen. The large dining-room was cleared and within its ample walls the exercise that youth and beauty delights in, was engaged in with an ardor and a spirit that could scarcely fail to be evoked by such music as was given the company by the Dixie Band. Soft, mellow and subdued, the sounds floated on the air, as the luxuriant waltz filled the dancer with languishing ecstasy.

Then came the spirited and silvery, but spirit-stirring sounds of more rapid measures, and more animated strains, beneath whose influence cheeks glowed and eyes flashed their most exhilarating lustre, and the whirling whirl of the mazy dance went on with rapid step, thrilling every participant with all the inexpressible gratification that is inseparable with the "poetry of motion."

THE LADIES.

Never did the silvery light throw its radiant glow on more lovely faces and more graceful forms than were assembled at the ball. Memphis is increasing its reputation as a place where beautiful women abound, and those whose privilege it was last night to gaze upon the "bevy of fair dames" that graced the noble hall of the Overton, could not withhold their exclamations of admiration.

At eleven o'clock His Excellency, the ex-President, entered the room conducted by the lady of the Mayor of the city, J. W. Leftwich, Esq. Ladies and gentlemen present who had not the honor of an introduction were presented, and when these formations were over—and they passed through by Mr. Johnson with a general pleasantness that almost took away all the appearance of formality, substituting a pleasant feeling of cordial friendliness—the band again struck up its inspiring strains, and with new spirit the merry, delightful dance went on again, joyous as the breeze that trips where roses bloom and bal—bal's sing.

TOILETTE.

Many of the toilettes of the evening were deserving of special notice.

Mrs. W. C. P. — was attired in an elegant dress of canary-colored silk, with lace trimmings and jewels to match, and charmed all with her grace and beauty.

Mrs. Colonel L. —, a bride was radiant in a superb and elegant dress of white satin with train, and trimmed with point *applique*, diamond jewelry, hair in curls, with flowers.

Mrs. Maggie C. — was dressed in a rich light green silk, square cut, elegantly trimmed, and looked beautiful and charming as usual, as attested by the crowd of admirers by which she was constantly surrounded.

Mrs. Colonel McG. — was superbly dressed in black grosgrain with trimmings and jewels appropriate, and was much admired.

Miss Kate W. — appeared in a beautiful light blue silk with white lace over-dress and bertha. Diamonds. Hair *a la* Eugenie.

Miss Rose T. — was beautiful in a white alpaca trimmed with ruffles. Elegant jewelry. Crimson flowers in hair. Mrs. T. H. A. —, a bride was attired in an elegant lavender poplin, trimmed with satin and cut out. Jewelry, pearls and garnets. She elicited many expressions of admiration.

Miss Blanche S. — appeared in white tarletan double skirt, trimmed with pink ruffles, pink flowers in hair and handsome jewelry. Many gallant swains offered homage.

Miss Mary M. — was dressed elegantly in white tarletan, trimmed with ruffles of the same, rich lace bertha; wreath of blue and pink flowers; jewelry to match.

Miss Anna N. — of Memphis, elegant yellow silk, with exquisitely made overskirt of yellow tarletan, showing off her elegant features to decided advantage, together with the elegant diamonds on her person, making in all one of the finest jewels of the evening.

"His Venus must be old, and want a nose," when his reverie is broken by the saucy challenge of as pretty a mouth and sweet a pair of eyes as ever made a husband's heart happy.

David Garrick died in 1779, and for thirty years his wife would not allow the house to be opened in which her husband's death had taken place. "He never was a husband to me," she said; "during the thirty years of our marriage he was always my lover." She continued to cherish his memory with ceaseless devotion during the forty-three years that she survived him. At the age of ninety-eight she was found dead in her chair, "having lived in full possession of her faculties to the last."

## SPAIN AND CUBA.

### The List of Executed Patriots.

The World's Washington correspondent of the 20th says:

The foreign relations committee have before them a list of five hundred and twenty-five men summary executions reported to have been made by the Spanish authorities on the Island of Cuba within the last three-and-a-half months. This list is to be most diligently scanned—first, to see if it is entirely correct; second, to see if any Americans are included in it. The list produces great excitement, and even if Americans are not found in it, ingenuity aiding indigation to discover if the cruelty cannot be made the subject of representation of some sort or other.

The rumors regarding contemplated expeditions from the States to Cuba are not incorrect. A force of formidable dimensions is being prepared. A prominent Western General of volunteers is in command already, and attention is being directed to the real port of embarkation by the publication of false places as intended, but it will be neither at New Orleans nor New York. This may be relied on. The last proposal of the insurgent agents is that both parties be allowed to buy arms and ammunition in the States in open market. There seems to be no way of getting at this, unless it be allowed to roba, short of recognition. The initiative in recognition our Government will not take, but the insurgents' friends here aver that the stronger expected here from Vera Cruz on the New Year's morrow or next day will bring home the recognition of the insurgents by Mexico and Bogota, and that their act will soon be followed by Chile, Colombia and Ecuador. This is what they say, and of its truth the arrival of advice per steamer will soon show one way or another. It is certain that insurgent agents have been prosecuting efforts for recognition in Mexico and the South American republic for many weeks.

The array on the supper table was just that exquisite fashion at which the Messrs. Robbins are adept. Vases of beautiful shape and costly material contained rich flowers, pagodas, temples and other right designs gave a glorious variety and grace to the public. Cases richly and most luxuriously ornamented, delicious jellies and creams, charlotte russe, and all the delights of a rich desert were in profusion. Oysters deliciously stewed, and every appropriate delicacy of the season were lavished with unstinted

THE CONCLUSION.

Supper over, the band sounded forth its liveliest polkas and its most delicious waltzes, and the charms of the dance were enjoyed until fatigue and the passing hours put an end to as enjoyable a ball as ever Memphis had ever had the pleasure of attending. His Excellency, the ex-President, remained a considerable part of the evening with the youthful crowd, and he evidently enjoyed the presence of youth

## A HOME IN THE OCEAN.

### A Visit to Minot Ledge Lighthouse.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

The ball was another instance of the elegance, good taste and unobtrusive refinement which the Messrs. Robbins manage an affair of this kind. No tawdry ornament, no staring display, but a chaste gracefulness and exquisite polish of the rich, the beautiful and the exquisite combined with the simplicity that constitute true elegance.

MRS. GARRICK.

A Charming Wife.

We are not apt to seek in the theater for examples of domestic virtue, though probably they might be found there often than that is generally suspected. David Garrick, the celebrated actor, was fortunate enough to have discovered one in a dancer on the stage, whom he made his wife.

Eva Maria Veigel or Violette came from Vienna, whence, lest her beauty might awaken the susceptibility of the Emperor, she was exiled by the Empress of Austria. Here she arrived disguised in male attire, and was taken by a fellow-traveller for a young Hanoverian baron coming to Britain to pay his court at St. James'. The Violette was pronounced an "exquisite dancer" from her first appearance on the stage of the London opera. Her beauty, modesty and accomplishments commanded her, moreover, to the admiration and respect of the best English society.

"The Countess of Burlington," says her biographer, in a late number of the Quarterly Review, "took her to live with her, and was in the habit of attending her to the theater, and waiting at the side wings to throw a shawl over her as she left the stage. When she married Garrick in 1749, she received from this noble dame a dowry of £5,000; and her husband, whose genius had met with a quick reward, was enabled to settle upon her £10,000, and give £70 a year for pin money. The Countess of Burlington, looking higher for her charge, placed at first every obstacle in the way of Garrick's suit, and he was in consequence obliged to disguise himself as a woman in order to convey a letter to his sweetheart. He, however, had won her heart, and she finally closing her eyes to all more brilliant prospects, took him for her husband.

There never was so blissful a marriage.

Their whole married life was one happy moon." Garrick was in every respect a man adapted to make a woman happy; and his wife, according to her general testimony, was the most beautiful of her sex. Wilkes, the demagogue—an experienced Judge of women—called her the "first, and the Churchill, the satirist, "the most agreeable woman in England." Sterne, in 1752, on seeing her in a crowd of beauties in the gardens of the Tuilleries, said she "could annihilate them all in a single turn." Hume, Beaumarchais, Gibbon, Walpole, Foote, and all her famous contemporaries testified to her beauty, amiability, wit, soundness of understanding, social graces and domestic virtues. Her husband called her the "best of women and wives" and thus recorded her charms in verse:

"A cheerful manner, void of art,  
A frank, firm, yet feeling heart;  
Beauty that charms all public gaze;  
And humble and pious pride."

During their married life were never a whole year apart. "His friends" says the Quarterly Review, "were hers; where he went, he went, and by the grace of her presence made doubly welcome." The susceptible *beaux esprits* of Paris were only restrained from throwing themselves at her feet by the unusual spectacle, to them, of a loving husband, whose looks were constantly saying to his wife: I love you.

Her portrait was painted by Hogarth. "It presents," says the reviewer, describing from signs, "Garrick in the act of composition, eyes wrapped in thought, and his wife standing behind him and about to snatch the pen from his uplifted hand. He is in the act of writing his prologue to Foote's farce of 'Taste.' This supplies the date, 'Taste' having appeared in 1752, just two years after their marriage. The picture is the very poetry of portraiture.

The character as well as the lineaments of both are there, and it needs no stretch of fancy to imagine Garrick's passion for the theory of his art.

"Do you not take pleasure in the sights you must behold during all these isolated days and weeks?" asked one.

"Oh! yes, we have a very extended prospect, and one which is never twice the same. Both sea and sky are forever changing, and everything that is on the sea comes and goes. There is nothing stationary but our tower. We see all the vessels that go in and out of Boston harbor, and in the summer we are visited by pleasure parties in sailing vessels and steamers, the latter of which sometimes bring us bands of music, which play to us. They approach close to us, and give three cheers for Minot Ledge light. When visitors come into the light we find as much amusement as they do. We have all sorts of visitors as you may suppose. They come from China, California, and from all parts of the world. We have many famous and many infamous names upon the list, and sometimes come the elusive bulletins, which tell us of the latest passage through the air.

"In deducing out of nothing the theory of these stray pistol balls, they will have to indulge in a train of reflection something like the following: In the first place, are those random, recurring pistol shots? These formidable balls may not be pistol balls, after all. The aiguille is, by all accounts, as noiseless, as hidden and as terrible a projectile agent as any pistol they make.

"WHENCE COME THE ELUSIVE BULLETS?

But if these strange phenomena are the result of as strange a carelessness, what is the nature of that carelessness? This we incline to believe is the true conclusion, for the very sufficient reason that it is the most unlikely. To this point we would particularly bespeak the astute attention of the detectives. What is the probable quarter whence come the elusive bulletins, which trackless passage through the air the united wisdom of Captain Young's efficient corps is, with us, essaying to trace? This depends upon, first, the side of the body upon which they strike; second, the direction of the wound they inflict; third, the velocity with which they come. Now, as pistol balls having a horizontal diameter, and containing such a distance as to render its impact immediately perceptible, could possibly come from force enough to go through both windows of a Madison Avenue stage (windows, by the way, which boast all, if not more than, the average regulation powers of resistance to external missiles), or through both sides of the coat sleeve and one arm of a young man.

"WHEN GOES IT? MEET COME DAWN."

If the shots were fired near enough to do sure execution, the report must be heard on Broadway, and the reports were not heard at all on Broadway, and we have already dismissed the theory of a silent gun. We have adopted what may be called the accidental theory in order to account for the presence of these balls. We must now proceed a step further, and submit to the theory of gravitation to explain their mode of coming. A projectile sent upward in the air, out of the right line will, according to the received philosophical principle, fall in a complementary parabolic curve with velocity accelerated in proportion to the distance fallen. This is a mathematical definition of the popular maxim, "What goes up must come down." As such it must compel the attention of every practical and candid detective.

MYSTERIOUS TIGER SHOOTING.

Any such who has followed these speculations to the present point, must arrive at us at this final theory, based upon a dispassionate analysis of all the observed modifications of cause and effect, namely, pieged shooting, persons, persons through which the noise of firearms is lost in the roar of Broadway, who naturally send occasional random shots into the air, which, in accordance with the principle above laid down, would terminate a parabolic course uniformly in one particular neighborhood, which in this case is the neighborhood of Walker street.

Here is a table, an arm chair, a stove, books, papers, a few pictures and the like for ringing the fog bell.

From this room, to send the wavy so high, it is as though the iron railing is so strong. There! now—you've no choice but to go home bareheaded. Why did you not cling to your hat and wig? This wind is enough to take hair out by the roots, even it leaves the head itself.

What a scoundrel, what a noise! We cannot describe it, nor endure it. Let us go in. One more flight and we are in the light room. Here is the object for whose elevation and continuance all this masonry was made

